

follows the example, will make a clever bantam.

The event of the evening was short but sharp. Some rumors of fake have been floated by losers, but the crowd was thoroughly pleased.

The first round was a clever exhibition, Denny wisely allowing Armstrong to do all the work and for the most part cleverly avoiding all punishment by well timed side stepping and countering. It was evident at the conclusion of the round that Armstrong was in no shape to continue many rounds and that his only chance lay in his getting a speedy decision by his superior sparring ability.

In the second, Denny realized that his opponent was in anything but form and left his corner as determined to mix things as the Californian. Frequent mixing and exchanges followed, in which Referee Paddy Ryan came in for his share. Armstrong got in a couple of stiff punches on Denny's neck and left cheek, counterbalanced by returns from the Australian.

The third and last round was fast and furious. Armstrong evidently recognized that in a long fight his chances were nil and strove to utilize his remaining strength to end the fight. Denny, who had been using his right throughout with telling effect, got one to the point that made Armstrong go off dizzily to a corner by himself and viciously hit at nothing. The jaw blow settled the fight. Armstrong speedily went to grass and evidently dazed, failed to take full advantage of his limit and speedily rose to be repeatedly knocked down. According to the marshal's previous arrangement with the management, Chillingworth, on the fourth knock down demanded a decision in favor of the stronger man.

The police swarmed into the ring while Ryan gave the fight to Denny amid universal satisfaction, Armstrong remaining out twelve seconds.

In the dressing rooms Denny appeared little the worse for wear while Armstrong palpably showed his lack of condition and the effect of Denny's jaw reacher.

Denny agreeably surprised many by his clever sparring and deserves credit for his generalship. Armstrong made a plucky showing while he lasted, proving his abilities as an exhibitor, rather than a prize fighter.

Martin Denny.

Martin Denny who secured the decision over Billy Armstrong on the 27th ult. at Independence Park, practically knocking out his man, is well known to the athletic element of Honolulu as instructor of the Oceanic Athletic Club, for whose existence he is in a great measure responsible. Denny is an Australian, a pupil of Peter Jackson. He was born in 1862 and has seen a good deal of campaigning in Australia, England and Ireland.

Denny has been exceedingly successful in his encounters, having met equally such noted boxers as young Griffio and beaten others of Sam

Baxter's, one time lightweight champion of England, class.

Denny is a good fellow socially, without a suspicion of braggadocio. Honolulu has seen the clean, cool-headed tactics he uses in the ring. His arms and body do not apparently denote any large amount of muscular force, but he can put in a good hard punch when necessary. His arms are a bundle of steel wires and springs, while his legs leave nothing to be desired. His superiority in this degree over his opponent on Friday was very apparent. Denny thoroughly deserved the fight and won it cleverly and fairly. There is talk of arranging other matches in which Denny will undoubtedly receive plenty of support from admirers of his clever showing the other evening.



MARTIN DENNY.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE PRIZE FIGHT.

With Apologies to Peter Dunne, Esq.

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "they've been havin' a bit of a prize fight in Honolulu."

"I thought," said Mr. Hinnissey, "that Honolulu was a missionary settlement where they had family prayers in the mornin' before they took the ledgers out of the safe."

"It's a pity Hinnissey that ye don't read the pa-pers once in a while, ye're slow me bucks, Honolulu is a progressive metropolis, and—I understand that the true Faith has quite a hold of it's own down there. But the interestin' part of the whole affair is not so much to do with the shindy, tho' 'twas in iligant little bit of a schrap in it's way, short and swate loike the lasht dhram in the bottle; the interestin' part was wed a ma'ary that lived in wan of the ither islands, he was what they call a loona, which I take it is kanaka for crazy, and he lived on the slopes of Many Lower."

"And phwat is Many Lower?" said Hinnissey.

"Why don't ye get your son Mike to tache you your jography Hinnissey? Many Lower is where the vast upheaval took place, when the island was turned into Purgatory. 'Tis the na-ame of a volcano and they call it Many Lower, because its higher than most. Well the loony was a bit of a spohrt and interestin' in proize fights, his own daily toil consistin' in bating the Japs an' Chinks that worked on the plantation, over the hid wed a shillaly made out of sug'r cane. So he takes the steamer to Honolulu an' he hires an ough-to-mobile an goes out to a

place called Long Branch, where Denny was punchin a bag suspended between two coconut trees. This same Denny, who is a first cousin of me nephew, was wan of the participators in the affair, an iligant bit of a spalpeen wed legs on him loike a champion buy-cleat, an a divil to foight."

"Denny," says the Loony, "would you lay down for a forchune?" says he? "Where's the forchune?" says Denny a punchin away at the bag.

"The forchunes all right says the Loony," an wid that he gits on the ough-to-mobile and goes along the beach to where Armstrong, the ither la-ad, was thrainin' for the combat at his Aunt Susy's. "Armstrong" says the Loony, "I'm backin ye my lad."

"It's gl d I am to hear I've frinds" says Armstrong, who was skippin a rope for all the wurruld loike your gurl Mary, Hinnissey.

"Are ye goin to win?" says the Loony.

"If I can," says Armstrong, who is a broth of a boy wid the gloves, but not used to the climate being a Westerner.

"Phwat has hem", a Westerner, to do wid the climate?" said Hinnissey.

that thought she had a cinch on the cream and couldn't get her head out of the pitcher, instead off goin' off quietly and knockin' his head against a back wall, starts a miasuring round Honolulu an' telling the town about his bobtail flush, an' has the boys arrested. Until the next steamer arrives from the land of Sandwiches, I don't know the denomomg of the thrial, but the town at last accounts had widout a dissensient voice presented the loony wid the Grand Order of the Gi Gi.

"Honolulu is gettin rough up-to-date" says Hinnissey.

"In all but wan respect" replied Mr. Dooley.

"Phwats that?" said Hinnissey. "The gurruls wear long skirts when they go bicycle ridin'."

ALLAN DUNN.

How to Suck Eggs.

"When I was a boy, back in Ohio, I taught my grandmother how to suck eggs," remarked Grandfather Steptoe as his little hearers gathered about his knee.

"O, tell us how!" piped four juvenile voices in concert.

"I was raised principally by my grandfather on his farm, which was on a lonely shore of Lake Erie. My father saw very little of me, and while I stood in need of his examples and precepts, he was in another part of the country. What I see now as clearly as day was, in my childish years, a mystery. At night my little sister and I used to see queer lights out on the lake occasionally. These lights had different colors, and would appear and disappear like a flash. They would make my father nervous and fidgety all the evening, and at midnight he would take the skiff and row out to see what the matter was. When we would see the lights early in an evening I would tell sister not to tell father, as he would get one of his fits. But father would always see them before we did. About that period there used to be a red-whiskered Canadian come to see us, and father would slap him on the back at times and call him 'pard.' One night father went out and didn't come back for fifteen years. We never saw the lights or the Canadian after that. I was told that father was drowned. When he did come back I was a young man. He was paler and stouter, and had on a suit that looked as though it had been given to him. Bef re, he wore fine clothes and jewelry, and drank lots of French brandy. 'Why, father, I said, 'we thought you had gone to Davy Jones' locker.' 'I went to Uncle Sam's locker,' he said, and then he and my grandfather laughed as though they would tear the buttons off their waistcoats. I afterwards learned the meaning of my father's joke. However, that has nothing to do with the story I am going to tell you, children."

"One day when I was fooling around the barn, I felt a great hankering for eggs. I knew where there was a sitting hen up in the loft and so I climbed up there. Say, I had the dod gastedest time getting those eggs, though."

"What does 'dod gastedest' mean, grandpa?" asked Mamie.

"I cannot really tell you just exactly what it does mean," replied the old gentleman thoughtfully. "I heard a judge express himself that way once when he was telling what a difficult task he had in making a Kauai jury understand a case. He used the term, 'the dod gastedest time,' and I thought it was forcible and very good. I walked through the hay near the side of the loft and, not calculating right, fell down a manger hole. It happened to be the stall where my grandfather's best driving mare stood. Of course it gave her a fright and she broke the halter and ran out into the road. They didn't catch her for a week. I got out of the manger and went aloft again. I soon found the nest, and I tell you it was no government billet getting that old hen off her eggs. She had a beak like a pair of scissors. I finally succeeded, however, and, after holding each egg up to the light, picked out four good ones, which I carried into the house. 'What on earth are you going to do with those eggs, Josiah?' my grandmother asked. 'Suck 'em,' I said. 'Lor!' she exclaimed, 'I never heard of such a thing.' I took one egg, broke the shell a little at the small end and sucked it dry. Then she took up an egg and did the same as I did with it."